Here's a New Financier Who Loves Everybody and Everything but Publicity

William B. Thompson, Miscalled "Colonel," Gives $100,000 to Starving Belgians, Then Hides From Interviewer.

WILLIAM B. THOMPSON.

"Go to the ant, thou"—and all that sort of thing.

That's what Boulder Thompson did, literally. He's a bug on bugs, Boulder is, meaning ants and bees. Long before he made his twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty or seventy millions of dollars (maybe it's only a paltry twenty millions, but those who ought to know say it's nearer sixty or seventy millions) Boulder loved to study ants and bees.

"Yesterday" (meaning less than a dozen years ago) he was broke. Today he's only 48 years old, or, to be exact, will be 48 years on May 13 next; and now he is one of the very rich men of the world; also he is one of the few, very few, great financiers who is loved, really loved, by his associates, from his partners down to his newest office boy; and he comes near being, or is, the foremost individual figure in metals, chiefly or altogether copper, in the world; and his home, called "Alder," in Yonkers, shelters great pictures and the very finest collection of rare minerals in the world; and it's dollars to doughnuts that you, reader, never heard of him.

Isn't a Real "Colonel."

In fact, Boulder is so little known that when occasionally he accidentally, through no fault of his own, breaks into print the newspapers invariably call his "Col." William B. Thompson. He isn't, never was and probably never will be a "Col." His ambitions do not run that way, said Frank O'Maily, in the New York Sun.

Last Tuesday night when the Rocky Mountain Club got together in its rooms in the Hotel Algonquin to talk over the matter of building a million-dollar clubhouse, some member of the club stood up at a meeting and spoke as follows: "A million-dollar clubhouse? Shucks! Let's worry along without the clubhouse, but raise the million bucks and give it to Brother Herbert C. Hoover for his starving Belgians. One member authorizes me to say that he has kicked in with $100,000 regular cash money as a starter for the million-dollar Rocky Mountain Club Hoover Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. Come, come, come, come! Come across, brethren."

Next morning up comes a good gentleman who was not a member of the club, but a guest.

Guest Gives Him Away.

"Listen, boys," said the guest—and may his days be ever happy and long in the land!—"a guy named William B. Thompson did it. But never say I told you."

Like a herd of buffalo the reporters charged toward the Algonquin telephone booths.

"Who's Thompson?" interrupted the other end of the wire.

"Search me, boss," replied the reporters; but the next morning they read on the front pages of their papers that "Col." Thompson had done what they had said he had done.

"He's a copper person," said a subboss the next day, "and he has offices at 14 Wall street. Go down and have a talk with him. The readers of The Washington Herald doubtless would be interested in knowing something about him."

"Go down and have a talk with him"—that's the way bosses, who just sit at desks, lightly give directions.

And what happens. The reporter goes down to the skyscraper at 14 Wall street, one door from Broad, and is elevated to the fifteenth floor.

Mr. Thompson "is out."

"Oh," cried the reporter, stung to the quick. "Well listen, Thomas" (that being the name of the private secretary), suppose we reverse things. Suppose instead of chasing Mr. Thompson through inner rooms we tell you all about him. It's a new idea in interviews—we've been talking to his friends and have got the goods on him.

A Wild Westerner.

"To begin with—and I hope, Secretary Thomas, he hears my raucous voice"—that skulking, five foot eleven gent in there was born in Virginia City, Montana, on May 13, 1869. Let him deny it.

"His father—bring this news in to him also—was once mayor of Butte, Mont., and a very popular mayor he was. His father's father was of Scotch-English descent. His mother's name was Anna Boyce. Boulder's father was born in Cobourg, Ontario. Go on in and ask him if the interview up to this point isn't right.

"But wait—if Boulder refuses to come out into the spotlight, the interviewer will go further and expose him from his earliest days onward. Listen. Boulder, as he has been said, was born in Virginia City in '69. What happened then? Go in and tell your boss, Thomas, that as a schoolboy he showed no particular promise. Like his pop, he was a favorite; but far be it from anybody in sight to say that he was ever going to amount to a continental darn. He was slow, Thomas—tell him the interviewer said that. He was sleepy looking. Also he was one of the best looking boys in the entire United States.

Walked When Others Ran

"'He used to walk when everybody else ran,' a man who had a falling out with him on the street and therefore dislikes him, said admiringly this morning, 'but somehow, although slow and sleepy and seeming to walk while the rest ran, he always was there first and waiting for the gang. He walks and the rest run and he beats 'em to it. I'm on the outs with him but I love him.'

"You may go further, Thomas," continued the interviewer, "and tell your boss, who doubtless is still hiding back of a waste basket, that through a news photographing agency the Sunday Sun and Frank Ward O'Malley have got hold of his photograph. Mr. Thompson—to continue—while a boy was sent East to Phillips Exeter. He was graduated in 1890. Go in and tell him that and ask him whether or not the interviewer is right or wrong.

"Boulder's father," the interviewer continued—having got all the dope in various ways on the diffident gent and being certain whereof he spake—"went into Alder Gulch, Mont., in 1863. About $70,000,000 in gold was taken out of 'the gulch' in four years. But little or none of it came to Boulder's father.

"Boulder's father finally went into the lumber business. Boulder and his brother had an inactive part in the lumber business. Were they rich then? Ask me. Go on, ask me. I'll tell you how rich they were. One day Boulder and his brother and his father wanted $10,000. They went to the State Savings Bank and tried to get it. They were turned down. The man who refused to loan later became nationally prominent, but he never was as big as Boulder. He was Frits Augustus Heinze.

"And I wish to say further to your diffident boss, Thomas," continued the interviewer, "that after he had been graduated from Phillips Exeter in 1890 and had attended lectures at the Columbia School of Mines for three years he went to Boston to promote the Shannon Copper Company. He didn't have a nickel then. But he sold the Shannon stock, literally from a wagon, not only in Boston, but all over New England. And Boston then being the be all and end all of copper stocks, took kindly to the stock."

The sound of falling plaster came out from the inner office about this time, indicating that Mr. Thompson was trying to climb up between the walls the further to hide himself. Nevertheless the interviewer went on heartlessly.

Could Always Be "Touched."

"When," he said, "he was known as 'Boulder,' he would fail for touches of $5 and $10, even if he had to borrow to lend. And altogether he was such a regular fellow that everybody who was anybody in Boston began to like him.

"He met Gov. Foss; he became a partner finally of Haydon, Stone & Co. He could 'finance' things for the firm. At that time the Utah Copper Company was in its infancy—selling at $5 or $6 a share. Your boss, Mr. Thompson, then not much more than a youngster, distributed the Utah shares. And about the same time the Ely, Nevada copper camp was opened.

"To make a long story as short as possible, Thomas," the interviewer continued to the private secretary, "your boss—and long may he wave!—took over options on the Cumberland Ely. Through Haydon, Stone, then he got in touch with the Guggenheims and Mr. Phillips of the Standard Oil. Then the whole crowd financed the Nevada Consolidated, the Cumberland Ely—chase him up the fire escape right now and ask him am I right—and so on. And ask him whether or not a thousand dollar bill didn't look as big to him then as the battleship Arizona. He didn't have a darn cent, Thomas—but he was headed toward much.

"Then he gave up his connection with Haydon, Stone and formed the firm of Tripp, Thompson & Co., of 25 Broad street. Am I right? The new firm put out Mason Valley Copper Company of Yerrington, Nev., and built a smelter and concentrating plant. I could go on indefinitely, Thomas—all about his meeting with Old George Towle, of Boston, his subsequent connections with Stephen Burch, a relative of the Havemeyers; of the options on and control of the Kennecot, the largest high-grade copper mine in the world, and of his entry into the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. less than four years ago. You may not realize it, Thomas, but your boss is one of the biggest persons around the Morgan offices today. He's big in his charities, in his gifts to employes and friends. He's—he—he—he's the greatest man living in the world today. I don't say it; everybody does who knows him."

TYPES

FROM 901 TO 1001.

By SARA MOORE.

They thrust, through the bars that shut her in, such things as candy, theater tickets and roses. Or rather they bribed the bellboys to convey these presents to her for the wicket was woven so thickly that not one of them could so much as touch one of the rosy tipped fingers that receipted their bills and thrust back at them any change that might be their due.

To the left Miss 801 to 901 and to the right Miss 1001 to 1101 also received tribute. The hotel, by selecting pretty cashiers, had endeavored to make the process of paying bills as painless as possible. But Miss 901 to 1001 had a shy little voice and a shy little dimple and a shy little light under her sweeping brown lashes that made guests ask for ninth-floor rooms always after they had once been assigned to that part of the gilt-trimmed palace that called itself a New York hotel.

Regular patrons sometimes jollied her because her own little cage was always gay with tokens of admiration.

Miss 901 to 1001 was impartially charming. Her admirers knew no limitations of age, sex or creed. Miss 801 to 901 and Miss 1001 to 1101 rather specialized. The eighth floor grew to be popular with bachelors who were finished off on top with a pink bald spot; the tenth floor was a center for bachelors of the college vacationist type—youths who always talk about shaving for fear one will think they do not shave.

And then, too, the other cashiers could be interested in guests after working hours. Miss 901 to 1001 never was. She never went to the theaters with them. She never drove with them in big, luxurious motor cars.

"You ain't goin' to get no rich husband with those copper bars between," warned 801 to 901 one afternoon. "And with all these lonesome rich guys spoiling fer nothin' more incriminatin' than a nice sociable little supper and theater party a girl is an awful fool to let matrimonial chances like that go by."

"The girl over at the cigar counter—the one before last" added 1001 to 1101, "married an old guy—not so old but interested in dentists and hair tonic. And didn't he die within three months and leave her an auto and a yacht and so much a month that she won't never have to get married again?"

"But—" Miss 901 to 1001 protested, "I—don't want to get married."

At which the eighth and ninth floor cashiers usually touched their foreheads and let their fingers wave round and round and round.

At 5:30 o'clock, while the other two girls powdered their noses Miss 901 to 1001 carefully wiped all traces of it from her own face. Then they collected the tributes to their charms.

Miss 801 to 901 went out the west door to a waiting taxicab which whisked her away to a famous restaurant on the very verge of a Hudson palisade. Miss 1001 to 1101 slipped through the east door and was soon tripping away with two leftovers from the army and navy football game who were looking for an eating place where they would not be likely to meet their respective fathers—and, probably, other cashiers.

When the other girls were both safely out of the way Miss 901 to 1001 glided meekly away, her arms laden with presents. An hour later she toiled breathlessly up the [illegible] flat house and let herself in with a latch key.

"Better, Honey?" she asked gaily, as bending over a couch in the front room, she kissed the man who was stretched there on invalid's pillows.

"Much better, I'll be walkin' in another month," smiled back the bedridden one, cheerfully. "Tired, dear? Have a hard day?"

Miss 901 shook her head, then, even before she unfastened her coat, opened her hand bag and took out a wedding ring.

"No, a prosperous one," she giggled, as she slipped the circlet on her finger. "Sixteen tickets for the music master and one for grand opera. I suppose the speculators will begin to think I am starting in competition with them if I turn so many in for cash, every night."

"Sixteen—"

"Yes. Wasn't I the little cutie to think of letting some of these spender guys give me tickets for me and my aged mother who just loves to go to theaters, instead of just flowers and candy?"

Her husband's grin was one of admiration mixed with doubt.

"Go on," chided Miss 901 to 1001, noting his reluctance." In that package is ten pounds of chocolates—in two and five and one-pound boxes. In that bundle is flowers—an' I ain't got a free vase in the house. We can't eat forty pounds of cany a week, can we? Now tell me."

Miss 901 to 1001's husband had to agree with that.

"I am hoping to make some kind of a deal with a drug store to save our indigestions," said 901 to 1001, unwrapping folds of tissue paper from the contents of a gilt paper box. "I can sell the tickets, an' maybe the drug clerk will buy the candy. But—what in time am I goin' to do with things like these?"

She held the bouquet to the invalid, eyeing it doubtfully.

"Orchids must be worth three dollars apiece. Ain't it awful that anything should be so expensive that I can't even pawn?"

RANGE OF THE EYE.

Contrary to the general belief that the heliograph virtually is an instrument for signaling short distances, it has been used between London and Brighton, a distance of seventy miles. But this certainly was on an exceptionally clear day with an intense sunlight.

This instrument, which, for more than half a century, has been found of benefit in army tactics, is destined to pass in the near future to oblivion as the result of the invasion of the wireless telegraph.

The heliograph is nothing more than a mirror on which the sun's rays are caught and by which they are reflected. The flashes can be thrown in any desired direction and the telegraphic Morse code generally is used.

Apart from the signaling, the distance at which objects can be discovered by the eye depends on two things—their height and the clearness of the air. The most conspicuous object in the British Isles is Mt. Snowdon, in Wales, which on a clear day can be distinctly seen from Bray Head, County Wicklow, a distance no less than eighty-five miles. Snowdon can also be seen from Waterloo, Liverpool, a distance of fifty-two miles.

In the Fens, where the ground is perfectly flat for miles, any lofty object can be seen a long way off. Boston "Stump," the tower of the fine old church at Boston, Lincolnshire, is visible from the Leicestershire hills, quite forty miles away. Mt. Everest, in the Himalayas, is the tallest mountain in the world. From Darjeeling the gigantic cone of Everest is seen rising in snowy grandeur among its mighty neighbors, and any stranger would vow that it was not more than thirty or forty miles away. As a matter of fact the distance is 107 miles as the crow flies.—New York Press.

If multiplied by two, three, four, or any other integer less than nine, the number 1,176,470,588,235,294 will produce the same digits in the same order, simply beginning at a different place in the set.

A CORNER IN ANCESTORS.

By FRANCES COWLES.

WHAT THE ORDINARIES MEAN.

Miles and Greer Coats-of-Arms Show Simple Use of Ordinaries—Which Goes to Indicate Their Antiquity—The Bend, Representing a Sash, Indicates Strength—The Chevron Indicates Hospitality and Represents a Roof Tree—Fife Coat-of-Arms Shows a Lion Rampant—How Halliday Originated—Many Names From Matthew—Trents Came From Inverness—Bayless and Bayles Were Refugees in England—First McClellan Came From Antrim.

We are told by antiquarians that coats-of-arms that are charged only with ordinaries or with these primarily are the oldest of all coats-of-arms. The very reason that these devices are called ordinaries, in fact, is because of their frequent use in the early practice of heraldry. So when you see a description of a coat-of-arms that contains simply a bar, a bend, a chevron, a chief, a cross, a fesse, a pale or a saltire, you will be able to assure yourself that that coat-of-arms probably possesses considerable antiquity.

The Miles coat-of-arms, as well as that of the Greer family, comes under this head, for they both show a rather simple use of the ordinary. The Miles escutcheon is described simply: Gules two bends or, and that of Greer is: Gules a pale erm, charged with a bend azure.

Besides something of antiquity the ordinaries all have some sort of symbolism or hidden meaning that adds interest. The bend, which indicates the sash worn from the right shoulder to the left side of the waist, indicates defense. The pale is indicative of military strength and fortitude.

The chevron, one of the most usual of all ordinaries, is said to be evolved from a representation of a roof-tree of a house, and as such indicates shelter, hospitality and protection. The fess or fesse, that runs straight across the middle of the shield, represents the military belt and is significant of honor. The bar, similar to the bend, except that it runs from the upper right to the lower left as you look at the shield, is said to indicate that the one who wears it "sets a bar of conscience or religion against passion and temptation."

It would be a simple enough matter to become familiar with the ordinaries by comparing the descriptions of coats-of-arms with the illustrations as they appear in these sketches.

Answers to Queries.

Mrs. W. J. Y. writes—"Quite a while ago I found the coat-of-arms of the Fife family described. Could you tell me where I could find a picture of the same? I am interested in the Halliday family, of Pennsylvania. My grandfather's name was Harvey J. Halliday, and he was born in 1817."

The coat-of-arms of the Fife family is described thus: Or a lion rampant, gules armed and langued, azure on a chief of the second, a crescent between two stars of the first. I regret to say that I am not permitted to give names of artists or firms who make a business of drawing coats-of-arms. However, if you send to any large society stationer and engraver, I think he will be able to recommend some one who can do this for you.

The Hallidays are of Scotch origin. The name is the Scotch equivalent for Holyday, and it is said that it was adopted by a certain border clan because it was the war cry of the chiefs and people of Annandale when they went on a raid or forage. "A holy day," they cried, indicating that the work they were undertaking was sanctioned by divine aid. Walter Halliday, the minstrel, was master of the revels to King Edward IV and acquired lands in Gloucester County. He established the English family of the name.

K. A. S. asks: "Is there an English origin of the Mathison family, probably spelled Matheson originally?"

Yes, the name Mathison, or Matheson is just one of the many derivations from the Christian name Matthew or Mathew. Others more or less well known are Mathew, Matthews, Mathew, Mathews, Mathewson, Matthie, Mathieson, Matson, Mayhew, Mayo, Matts, Matty, Maddy and Madison. The first name Matthew or Mathew was taken to England at the time of the Norman Conquest by the Normans.

F. W. writes for information of the Trent family. Did they have a coat-of-arms," he writes, "and what was it?"

There are two Trent coats-of-arms. One is described thus: Per pale argent and gules two swords in saltire proper, hilts downwards, between three roses counterchanged. The crest is a demi eagle wings expanded or, in the beak a laurel branch proper. The other Trent coat-of-arms is: Argent three delves sable on each a mullet of the field. The crest is a crescent ermine. The motto is "Augeo." The name is derived from the great English midland river so called.

The first founder of the name was probably William Trent, a native of Inverness, who came over with his brother James, and with him cast lots with their friends of William Penn's colony some time after 1682. William became a prosperous merchant in Philadelphia, and in 1703 purchased the most elegant house then standing in Philadelphia. It was known as the "slate roof house on Second street," and it was once occupied by William Penn. William became chief judge of the province of New Jersey and died in 1724. He married first Mary Burge, and had James, John and Mary, and he married secondly Mary, daughter of George Coddington, of Rhode Island, whose widow married Anthony Norris, the first mayor of Philadelphia. By her he had Thomas and William.

L. S. B. asks for information of the Bayless family—"I can trace the line from Maj. Plat Bayless. Can you tell me who was the first man of the name in this country—where born—and give the coat-of-arms of the Bayless family? I would like to get an account of the family from the earliest times. Tradition has it that a father came to this country with four sons, from England. I can easily trace the line back to the above named, Bayless, but would like information dating farther back."

The family was originally Bayles, not Bayless, and in England they trace their descent to a refugee who fled from persecutions in the Low Countries and settled in Colchester, England. The coat-of-arms is: Gules a fesse argent between three mullets in chief and as many martletts in base of the second. It is no doubt from this family that the Americans, coming from England, are descended. One of the first if not the first to come to this country was John Bayles, of Setauket, New York. By trade he was a tailor and was living in Southold and Huntington, and other Long Island towns about 1656. I shall be glad to hear from other members of the family who can throw light on the subject.

YOUR WEDDING DAY

And the Famous Men and Women Who Have Shared It.

By MARY MARSHALL.

February 11—Judah Benjamin and Natalie St. Martin.

The marriage of Judah Benjamin, distinguished American statesman, and Natalie St. Martin, which took place eighty-four years ago today, is not infrequently pointed out as an example of the mismating resulting from the marriage of two persons of entirely different race, temperament, religion and disposition. For Judah Benjamin was of Jewish descent while the beautiful Natalie was a French Catholic. Benjamin was passionately devoted to a home and home ties, while Natalie was as passionately devoted to society and cared almost nothing for home life. Benjamin was a devote of the simple life, devoted to books, keenly intellectual, and simple and intense in his devotion to those he loved. Unfortunately Natalie's tastes were all cast in another mould, and consequently after a very short period of wedded life the little marriage bark on which they were sailing went on the rocks.

When Judah Benjamin went to New Orleans from his home in the West Indies in 1823 at the age of 17, he had but $5 in the world. His ambition was to be a great lawyer and in order to complete his education and study law he worked in a lawyer's office and tutored in spare time. Once a sugar planter from the vicinity of New Orleans went to the lawyer for whom Benjamin was working and asked for the name of a likely man to serve as a tutor for his daughter. The lawyer suggested Benajmin and arranged an interview.

"But he won't do," the planter told the lawyer after the interview.

"Why not? Isn't he enough of a scolar?" asked the lawyer in sprprise.

"Oh yes, he is all that and more besides," said the planter. "In fact, he is perfectly wonderful. But he's so fascinating I'm sure my girl would fall in love with him and run away."

In spite of this objection Benjamin was employed, and quite promptly the daughter Natalie did fall in love and Benjamin fell as deeply in love with her. Benjaman was a man of great magnetism, and Natalie possessed rare beauty, the voice of a prima donna and a passionate, impulsive disposition. Her parents had been refugees in Louisiana from the Black Horror of Santo Domingo. The wedding took place when Benjamin was 22. At first they lived in New Orleans, but after a year they removed to Bellechasse, an estate not far from the city. This sort of home suited the brilliant and rising young lawyer to perfection, but to his frivolous wife it was "tres triste"—very sad.

Not long after the birth of their one child, Anne Julie Marie Natalie Benjamin, Mrs. Benjamin went to France with the daughter and remained there permanently. There was no open separation—Benjamin visited his wife and daughter every summer, and provided for them very liberally. But in the heart of the man there was a wound of disappointment that never healed—none the less painful because he hid it even from his most intimate friends.

The speed of the wind is measured by means of an ingenious instrument called the anemometer. It is like a weather vane, with cups instead of letters at the end of its arms. The cups, catching the wind, spin round, and thus turn the central shaft. This passes down into a box in which are several dials. The indicators of those dials are connected with the shaft, and move according to its revolutions. Thus the number of revolutions of the cup in a certain time gives the exact speed in miles an hour.